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# The Sad Life



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## Chapter 1 by Alex Erickson

I am just a kid writing about how sad days can get. I know how people would say aw it isn't that bad, or suck it up, life ain't fair, and all that crap, but when you read what I have to say it may change your opinion.

You see it all started out when I last remembered I was about six.

Most of my problems revolved around my Dad. Anyways as I was saying, It started mostly when I was six my Dad neglected me a lot. It hurt so much. But when I was a younger kid my Dads didn't care much about us. He never kept his promises, and always lied.

He would always say he would take us somewhere or do something with us, but before he did he would take a nap and that was his excuse. After a while he would wake up and we would then ask him again just to make sure he remembered, and he would say, "It's too late to go do anything," so we wouldn't. I was so disappointed all the time. He would use that lame excuse all the time. At first it was saddening, then it got super annoying, and at last it got old. We didn't care anymore. I mean we had our mother at that point, and our mother as good enough for us. But this is only the beginning of this tragic story

## Chapter 2 by Andrew Hartmann



One night, when I was about 10, he started something new. My dad would literally beat me. Me and my mom had no idea what started it, but it had to stop. But I didn't do anything, just got what was coming to me and got over it.

When I was about 14, and actually understood what the heck was going on, it got worse. Dad

had a new hobby, he would drink alcohol and then he would start hitting me. I would just cry and run away from him.

2015 My mom got really mad at me and she told me to leave him. I did and he simply beat her in

the was house.

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Then I turned 18. I could finally get out of this hell hole. Since I saved up money from working on a farm during summers, I was able to buy a rusty, old, car. The night I packed my stuff and got in my car, my dad flipped. As I was backing out, he ran out and started beating on the hood, screaming at me to get out of the car. I stopped, switched gears and floored it forwards. You should have seen the look on his face. He was basically being pushed by the car until he hit the garage door. I backed away and he fell to the ground, probably unconscious, or even dead, either one would be fine to me. Then, I was gone.

### Chapter 3 by Ope Lle (yt)\*JK\*



And The protagonist is a loser

## Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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